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Providence Independent

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Department of Science.

EDITED BY DR. J. HAMER, SR.

Matter, Force and Consequent Motion

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.)

The closer we examine the subject the more evident it appears that all vital phenomena occurring in both vegetable and animal 'protoplasm' in the unicellular organisms which we have been considering, (and that this holds good in more differentiated organisms) are dependent upon an extrinsic kinetic supply of energy and the 'potential' energy formed within or accumulated in the organism at the time of the union of the elements of which it was originally composed, or which becomes latent and is stored up in the organism. The great fountain head and original source of kinetic energy is the sun. Without the extrinsic supply of energy from the sun and modified forms of force from the environments in which an organism is placed there can be no manifestation of vital phenomena within the organism, or of putrefaction, or fermentation. When we refer to 'kinetic' energy in connection with light, heat, or chemical force, we must remember that these are but the 'phenomena' caused by force acting on matter and do not constitute the energy itself, but arise from modes of motion brought about by the energy during the time it is operating. Metabolism involves an expenditure of energy. In the case of the animal organism the food for the most part furnishes the energy. This food consists for the most part of complex organic substances which undergo chemical decomposition the 'potential' (latent) energy appears in the kinetic form. The same process also takes place in vegetable organisms which do not form chlorophyll. But vegetable organisms that form chlorophyll are dependent for 'kinetic' energy from without. "Hence the metabolic process of vegetable organisms are materially affected by the presence or absence of light and by variations in temperature of the surrounding mediums." In every living organism chemical force is acting in two different directions or opposite modes of action; the one is synthetical action or *Constructive Metabolism* (Anabolism). The other is analytical action or *Destructive Metabolism* (Katabolism). In considering the changes that occur in 'protoplasm,' the phenomena that result from these changes, and the resulting organic forms of matter that are produced by this action, we will but briefly review the subject we have gone over in reference to matter, force and motion in matter inorganic at points applicable to the subject now under consideration. In all cases of putrefaction or fermentation *Destructive metabolism* (Katabolism), taking place in organic matter there occurs the phenomenon of heat, and sometimes of light, precisely what occurs during chemical action between inorganic substances. In decaying wood and during putrefaction of fish the latter phenomenon is sometimes witnessed when kinetic energy brought into play is being expended in effecting *molecular motion* in the matter acted upon. Now we need but go back to first principles to find a universal law governing the action of energy upon matter. Energy has an existence in nature as much so as matter itself; and force is never absent, although we may not have the evidence of its presence by any phenomena of motion in matter. The simple rise and fall of temperature is evidence that this is the fact in matter existing around us. In every instance of combustion, in all directions from the point where this is taking place we witness the phenomena of heat and light. We all know that the nearer we approach to burning coal or wood the more intensely we feel the effects of the kinetic energy, and vice versa. It is a well established fact that this form of energy diminishes as the square of the distance increases from the place where it is brought into action. Now the same law is equally true in relation to the attractive force on matter only in the reverse order. According to this law kinetic energy and attractive force are mutually convertible one into the other.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

According to a New York paper, \$9,000,000 worth of gum is chewed in this country annually.

A NOBLE VICTORY.

The waves break on the shore of the North sea. A sharp wind from the North sweeps over its surface, driving the waves high before it. On their crests rises and sinks the white foam. How the water surges forward, as if it would rush far into the land. But again and again it retreats from the white sand, only to return in haste the next morning.

On the shore lies stretched out the village of Hudson. Every little house stands by itself, often separated from its neighbor by a wide space of perhaps fifty feet, which is generally made into a garden, in which a few feeble plants draw a scanty nourishment from the ground. With no less difficulty do the inhabitants of Hudson manage to get their living. They are all fishermen, and the sea is their real home, on which they go out for miles to cast their nets. When the sun shines on a smooth surface it is an exhilarating occupation, but when a sudden storm springs up while the boats are far from land and a fog settles down upon the waters like a broad, heavy mantle, then one understands how hard are the conditions and the perpetual danger attending the labor by which these men earn their bread.

The sea runs high and most of the boats have pulled in to land. Two men are still working to save their property in the same way. They are both young, large, vigorous men, with sun burned faces and toil-hardened hands.

At last their boats too rest on the shore firmly secured. "Lars," said one of the men, straightening up, and buttoning his short jacket, "this will be a fierce blow to-night."

The other nodded: "It is lucky that none of us are out."

Meanwhile they have started homeward, and stride along together in silence. The only street of the village is quiet. It is dark, here and there a faint light gleaming from a little window.

They are passing a small house, and almost as if by a secret agreement, they approach and glance through the lighted window to the inside. An old man with white hair and beard sits in a large armchair; his head has fallen forward on his breast—a picture of the life fast sinking to rest. At the table, on the opposite side, sits, in bright contrast a young sewing-girl, fresh, lovely face, with round, rosy cheeks and luxuriant, fair hair. Kate Mason is the prettiest girl in the village, and the most industrious, on whom many a young fellow looks with earnest glance. Early and late she is busy supporting herself and her aged father by her own hands.

The loiterers at the window have turned and gone on their way. At last Lars said: "Good-night, Christoph," and crossed the street to his home. He had heard the reply to his greeting, and now waited and listened, standing by the fence that inclosed his little tract of ground. Christoph had not gone in but turned back—for what? Lars felt a misgiving. He, too, hastened back. The wind drives full in his face, but he does not heed. Now he hears Christoph's steps before him, but cannot see for it is very dark. There stands the little house where Kate Mason lives. Christoph stands by the window. Lars sees him plainly in the light of the lamp that falls full upon him. He hears a tap on the window, and now Christoph has his hand on the door, and it opens before him.

"Thou, Christoph? What brings thee so late?" asked Kate, holding on to the door, which the storm was shaking.

"I was passing and saw thee sitting, so I stopped to bid thee 'sleep well.'"

"Thou dear!" she said, putting out her hand.

The wind seized the door thus set free, and flung it wide open against the wall. But Christoph, using all his strength, drew the girl into the hall and closed the door. Lars grew hot under his coarse jacket; hot in spite of the blustering wind. He stepped close to the door and heard speaking within, but could not distinguish anything. He waited, his heart filled with the pangs of jealousy. How long he stood he knew not; it seemed an eternity to him. At last the door opened and Christoph stepped out. "Sleep well, dear girl," he whispered. "Good-by dear Christoph." The key was turned in the lock. Christoph went home, the joy of love requited in his heart. The other, too, turned homeward, but a

long time passed before he reached the little house.

They had grown up together—Lars, Christoph and Katie. The three had played together continually as children and Katie would be carried by none others or drawn on the sled by none but Lars or Christoph. When they grew larger they went to school together and were confirmed together in the little church of the neighboring village. No strife had ever come between them, never had the girl showed whether she had preferred one of the lads to the other. As these developed into strong men, Katie bloomed into still greater beauty, as was apparent to other young men of the village, and Rob Steffel ventured to intimate as much, in rough fashion, to the girl. The following day his place in the boat was empty; he was sick, his father said—the truth was, Rob would not show his discolored face from that time the young fellows held themselves aloft from Katie Mason. But between Lars and Christoph the old intimacy began gradually to diminish. They went with Katie to her first dance. Who should be her first partner? They disputed long over it out of the girl's hearing, and at last, with heated faces appealed to her to choose between them. Katie looked at them, and for the first time felt a misgiving that if she chose one the other would be deeply hurt. So she said: "It makes no difference to me which one I dance with first, but if it is of so much account to you draw out."

They did so and Christoph was the lucky one. While they were settling the matter Katie looked on with apparent indifference, but her heart beat fast under her bodice, and when it was decided she almost unconsciously smiled with evident pleasure. Lars saw it, and from that day jealously began to take root deeper in his heart, and there was no lack of occasion to develop it. Margrit Hermensen, Katie's best friend went to the altar to plight her faith. Katie was chosen to carry the wreath, accompanied by Christoph. When Lars heard of it he opposed it vehemently.

Both young men grew violent, and only Katie's presence of mind in declaring she did not wish to go to the wedding, prevented perhaps the very worst outbreak of Lars' passionate storm of anger. After that the two avoided each other as much as possible, but sought to be with Katie. Each knew that the other loved the girl, and both felt secretly conscious to whom Katie's heart inclined. Christoph the calmer and more self possessed, felt a silent, blissful happiness taking possession of his heart when the girl looked at him with her blue eyes so sweetly and kindly. Lars, more vehemently, believed at times that Katie loved him, her manner was always so cordial. But, again, when he saw her with Christoph, a voice within told him that he was not the favored one, and he suffered bitter torment. So it had gone on till the evening when the young fishermen returned together from the shore. Christoph's heart beat fast at the quiet, peaceful scene in old Mason's cottage, and it drew him back with irresistible power to leave a greeting to the beloved one. But after he had entered the hall, in his effort to close the door, so violently flung open by the storm, he suddenly became conscious of Katie in his arms. And while it raged and stormed without he kissed her, and in wild happiness he whispered: "Katie do you love me?" She did not answer but her lips pressed his.

The next morning Lars stood on the shore mending his boat when Rob Steffel came by.

"You are early, though you came home late. Were you with your sweetheart?"

Lars looked at him red with anger. He struck the wood with his ax, and the chips flew far around.

"Hoho!" continued the other, "you did not have good luck it seems."

"Keep still!" cried Lars. "What is it to you whether I had good luck or not?"

Bob Steffel stepped nearer. "You are unjust to me," he said. "A big fellow like you should not take it so meekly. Christoph has plainly taken the fish away from you."

Lars made no answer, but his hand clasped the ax convulsively. "You and I have no love for Christoph," continued Rob; "let us join together against him," and he held out his hand.

"I want nothing to do with you," replied Lars and turning away resumed his work.

Rob Steffel laughed scornfully, and

went away, but the sting that his words contained remained in Lars' breast. When the other was out of sight he flung down his ax, and went back to the village. Slowly, with downcast head, he walked. Before the house of old Mason he paused, then with a sudden resolution he entered. But, as if bound he stood in the doorway—in the room stood Katie tenderly embraced by Christoph. A painful silence prevailed for a moment, then Christoph stepped toward Lars' put out his hand and said "Katie is my betrothed since last evening. I intended to come directly to you and tell you."

He did not answer, only a bitter smile quivered on his lips. It was excessively painful to the girl. She felt what a blow she had given him, though blameless herself. She had longed to say something to him but could not find the right words. So she only looked at him, but he turned away and left the house.

Toward noon the shore was alive with men. The sea gleamed in the sunshine again, the waves played gently, and a soft wind was blowing. The day was favorable for a large haul. All the fishermen of the village were gathered together the nets and oars were put into the boat, the sails spread wide, and the little fleet sailed far out into the broad, beautiful sea. Katie stood on the shore, sending greetings to her sweetheart as long as his boat was in sight. Then she went home, smiling happily to herself. She had much to do after she had seen to her old father, who sat quietly in his chair and smoked a short pipe, she went about her work. How it flew under her hands to-day, though frequently she stopped gazing down lost in sweet dreams. Then she worked so much the faster again. Hour after hour flew by unheeded. At last the day's task was ended and Katie went to the door. But the weather had changed the sun had disappeared behind thick clouds and the sky hung in gray folds over the sea. The fishermen also had finished their work. The rich booty lay in the boats promising a fine reward for their labor. But in the east it was black and threatening. They must reach home before the storm came on. The little sails spread out, the ships flew over the water, causing the foam to break over the deep dripping sides. Then came the first blow strong against the sails; the loaded boats threatened to upset.

The men were forced to take in sails and trust wholly to the oars. It grew dark, and the sea lifted itself restlessly into high, far rolling waves. Then the storm broke loose with wild force; it hoped and lashed the sea till it reared in short, foam capped waves. The men rowed with all their might; the shore could not be far away, though it was not visible in the darkness. Ahead of all the others shot Christoph's boat; close behind him was Lars. It seemed as if the two were running a race for the safety of the shore. A wave seized Christoph's boat, lifted it high and flung it with its broad side against the end of Lars' vessel, breaking it in. Lars saw it sinking before him. A thought shot through his heart, frightful and vivid: "Let the waves bury Christoph and Katie is yours." But the thought was gone in a moment; in the next he had leaped far out, grasped the constant friend of his youth, now struggling with death. But he lost his own balance, sitting on the extreme edge. He flung out his hand to catch hold of something, but found nothing and plunged headlong. A huge wave seized the boat, threw it far from the place, and in the roaring of the waves a last despairing cry was lost.

At last the fishermen had painfully reached the shore. Women and old men full of anguish stood waiting the returning ones.

"Katie," cried a voice from the darkness, and the girl felt herself embraced by two arms.

"Christoph! thank heaven that you are here!"

She led him to her house. He was silent all the way, only holding her fast. She, too, hardly spoke. When they reached the house she noticed for the first time that his clothes were saturated and asked the reason. Then his mouth quivered with repressed pain while he answered:

"Katie, the storm destroyed my boat. Lars snatched me from the waves, but he himself fell into the sea and—"

"What?" she asked breathlessly. "I could not save him," he said, almost inaudibly.

After a few days the sea washed the

body of Lars ashore. It was the only sacrifice it had demanded that day. Lars had no parents living, but even parents could not have shed more burning tears than Kate and Christoph when he was buried in the little church yard. The thought of him, the consciousness that his sacrifice had secured their happiness never left them.

Long after Katie went to the altar with Christoph, and when they came from the church their first steps were directed to the grave of Lars.—*Translated from the German by L. V. Star.*

CEYLON FOLK-LORE.

The Singhalese are an astute people, and are not behind other Eastern nations in their sense of humor. These characteristics exhibit themselves in a marked degree (as do those of all nations) in their proverbs and fables.

A collection of these has been made by one Alexander Mendis Senanayaka, a Singhalese Government officer, and from them I propose making a selection, enlarging on the original, and adding some which have perhaps not before been printed.

It is the custom among men of Eastern nations, when desirous of contracting a marriage, to secure the good offices of a judicious go-tween to make the necessary arrangements with the family of the bride as to dowry, and so on. One of their sayings is, "Like arranging a match for a crocodile," and this proverb, like many others, is connected with a fable, which runs as follows:

A bachelor crocodile, weary of single existence, solicited the kind offices of a jackal to help him to a suitable partner. The jackal of the East is, in cunning, not one whit behind his western relative, the fox; in fact, in knowingsness the former may be said to have the advantage.

Master Jack told his dupe, the crocodile, that he knew of a young lady who would suit him exactly. "But," said he, "she lives on the other side of the river, which I have no means of crossing."

"That need not stand in your way," said the amorous saurian; "jump on my back and you shall be carried over in a trice."

"Done!" said the jackal, as he fixed his claws in the crocodile's scales.

In a few minutes he stood on the opposite bank. "Stay here for me," said he, running off into the jungle.

Now Master Jackal knew full well that there was no bride in those parts for the love-sick swain, nor did he propose troubling himself in the matter at all. His keen nose had caught the scent of a dead buffalo lying on that side of the river, on whose carcass he longed to regale himself. And while the expectant crocodile, filled with soft thoughts, lay waiting to hear the result of the jackal's overtures, that faithless gentleman was enjoying to the full of his savory repast.

Having eaten till he could eat no more, he returned to the bank of the river, and explained that, unfortunately the father of the lady had gone to a neighboring village, and would not return till nightfall; but that he had ascertained from an astrologer what time on the morrow would be propitious for making further advances. Here the cunning rogue mentioned the hour of his habitual mid-day meal.

There was no course left for the crocodile but to swim back with his false friend, and hope for better luck the next day.

At the appointed hour next morning they met again, and the crocodile a second time carried the deceiver across the stream. The latter, after enjoying himself as on the previous day, came back, saying that he had seen the father, who was not ill-disposed toward the union, but thought it better to take counsel with his brother whom he would see that evening. He declared, also, that there was every reason to hope that matters would be satisfactorily arranged next day.

Day after day did this unsuspecting victim of misplaced confidence carry his treacherous friend backwards and forwards across the stream, until the last morsel of buffalo flesh had been devoured, and naught remained but the bones, horns and hoofs. Not one fragment of the banquet was ever brought to the unhappy crocodile, and all he had to feed on was the unsatisfactory banquet of deferred hope.

Finally, having no further need of the amphibian's assistance, when once more he was borne to the shore nearest

home, the crafty jackal, nimbly springing to land, ran off to the jungle; and as he reached its skirts he turned round and, whisking his tail in the air, exclaimed in derisive tones:

"What marriages for a crocodile that lives in rivers!"

It is well to have a wife of a frugal mind, who tries to turn all things to the best account. But it is possible she may carry the principle to far, as shown in the following story of a villager's spouse.

It is the custom in Ceylon to present the village barber, at the end of the year, with a bag of grain, or some article of clothing, in return for the service of his razor.

Among some Eastern races it is thought disgraceful for a man to shave himself, as it is the occupation of a "low-caste," man; and it is not unusual for a person of rank and influence to annoy his humble neighbor or indulge some grudge against them by interdicting the barber from practising his skill on them. It has more than once fallen to the lot of the writer, as a magistrate in days gone by, to have all the male members of the village community coming into court with "stubbly visages black, grizzly, or gray, complaining that the barber would not shave them, and praying the interference of the judicial officer. Unfortunately the law makes no provisions for such contingencies, and all one can do is to offer a little friendly counsel.

But to return to the villager's wife. The barber came to shave her husband but it so happened that he was out at the time, and his wife, knowing that the bag of rice would be claimed all the same, and being desirous that the barber should not earn his reward too cheaply, made him shave her head! On her husband's return, she boasted to him how she had been even with the barber and got her money's worth out of him.

This reminds me of another careful housekeeper, the wife of a worthy old gentleman, of whom it related that, having prepared a black dose for a native neighbor, who neglected to call for it she, rather than sanction an act of wastefulness, insisted on her husband's swallowing it!

Once upon a time there lived a sage called Mahadenamutha—"the great counsel-giver"—who was consulted on all important or difficult questions.

One day a calf stuck its stupid young head into a pot, and could not get it out again. After trying various methods of extricating the animal's head its owner resorted to the "adviser-general."

"Bring forth my elephant," said the sage; and the elephant was brought. He mounted it and followed the applicant to his house; but on reaching it the garden gate was found too narrow to admit the elephant.

"Break down the wall," was the next command of the wise man; and it was obeyed. But another obstacle presented itself in the form of an outhouse, and one end of that had to be demolished before the man of resources could gain access to the yard where the calf was still struggling for deliverance.

"Cut off the creature's head," said the dispenser of wisdom, and with prompt obedience the calf was decapitated. "Now smash the pot," was the final command, and the difficulty was solved.

Then, directing that the head should be handed to the owner of the animal, the great man rode off.—*All the Year Round.*

A Sultan's Life.

THE LUXURIOUS EXISTENCE OF THE RULERS OF TURKEY.

Emile Julian says in the *Cosmopolitan* "Generally, the life of the Sultans is divided into parts: the first is devoted to doing nothing; the second, to reposing. This double occupation sometimes leaves them leisure to put their signature or rather their seal to the *hattis* (letters), or to the *irades* (laws), that the Grand Vizirs originate, write out, and read to their masters, who do not always consider it necessary to listen. But I hasten to add that Sultan Abdul Hamid differs from his predecessors, in this respect at least. He is a working sultan, two words that, previous to his reign, would have been greatly astonished to find themselves accompanied together. Prudent, suspicious, a fine diplomatist, not very prodigal, moderately given to pleasures, he is occupied personally with the affairs of state, and often summons his ministers at the risk of disturbing their kief; he is more prone to give orders than listening to

advice; and, without ever leaving his palace, where he is chained by fear, he holds firmly in his hands the reins of government.

The excesses of every kind, from which the Sultans do not know how to abstain when they come to the throne, exhaust them quickly, and make them prematurely old. Abdul Medjid added to innumerable vices an immoderate love of champagne, and Reebid Pacha, his Grand Vizir, was put to unheard of straits to find him sober so as to speak to him in regard to the affairs of state and to obtain his signature. Abdul Aziz, whose fine bearing noble and energetic face, I have often admired never drank anything but water, and—an unheard of thing in Turkey—he never smoked; but he ate six times a day. His meals, it is said, consisted of twenty dishes, into which he thrust his fingers several times. He always ate alone, loyal in this matter to the Koran, which forbids any person, however great he may be, to sit at the Calif's table.

Nevertheless the Grand Vizir Ali Pasha, the only man except Fudud Pasha that ever had ascendancy over him demonstrated to him one day the necessity of inviting the Empress Eugenie and a few of the great personages of her suite to dine with him. The dinner was spread. The Empress was seated at the right of the Sultan, who exhibited some astonishment. "Who allowed that woman to seat herself near me he asked in Turkish, addressing Ali Pasha. The latter, turned toward the Empress, translated these words as follows: Madame, the Sultan, my master charges me to express to your Majesty his great pleasure in receiving you at his table." This said the Grand Vizir seated himself on the left of the Sultan and told during the dinner what he should do, how he should use his fork, take his glass, and use his plate, all of which did not prevent poor Ali Pasha from being in hot water during this unhappy dinner.

Power of Sunshine.

Public Opinion condenses from the *Chautauquan* an interesting article by Charles Barnard in which he shows that the great star which we call the sun is literally the stove that keeps the world warm. In conclusion he gives the following facts, most of which are known to the readers of the *Scientific American*, but are none the less curious and interesting to the general reader.

Heat expands and cold contracts, and everything warmed by the sun expands under its gentle heat. Every rail on all our railroads expand and grows perceptibly longer in bright sunshine, and contracts on a hot summer's day, between bright sunshine, and the shade caused by clouds, and have seen that it moved over one inch in less than two hours. In building the great bronze Liberty in New York harbor, the same thing had to be guarded against, and provisions is made to allow the whole vast figure to move under the expansion caused by the heat of the sun. The movement, owing to the irregular surface of the statue, is not visible, as in the Brooklyn bridge, yet it is there. Even Bunker Hill monument, which is built wholly of stone, is distorted out of shape every day by the sun, though the movement cannot be proved except by certain experiments made for that purpose. What will finally become of our steller stove no man can positively say. Yet judging from what we know already, it is quite possible that it is burning out. When its fires finally die down, the end of our planet is at hand, and all life here will slowly, or suddenly perhaps, because extinct by freezing, and our planet will meet its end as a dead star swinging through the awful cold of the stellar space. People of fervid imagination have thought the world would come to an end in a general conflagration. It is much more likely our stellar stove will go out, and the world will calmly freeze up. Of the two methods of ending earthly history, the latter will be evidently the more comfortable.—*Scientific American.*

"Shall I sing to you George, some simple ballad, dear, attund to the deathless love we bear each other?" she asked, and her manner indicated how gladly she would do anything for George. "Yes, sweetheart," replied George, in a low, sweet tone, "sing 'Darling, I am growing old.'"

Berlin has fourteen public kitchens at which soup is distributed free to the poor. Last year 618,670 portions were distributed at a cost of \$15,000.

Providence Independent.

Thursday, February 2, 1888.

TERMS—\$1.25 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

This paper has a larger circulation in this section of the county than any other paper published. As an advertising medium the "Independent" ranks among the most desirable papers, having a large and steadily increasing circulation in various localities throughout the county.

It is the aim of the editor and publisher to make the "Independent" one of the best local and general newspapers in the county, or anywhere else, and to this end we invite correspondence from every section.

PERKIOMEN RAILROAD.

We publish the following schedule gratuitously for the convenience of our readers. Passenger trains leave Collegeville Station as follows:

FOR PHILADELPHIA AND POINTS SOUTH.	
Milk.....	6.47 a. m.
Accommodation.....	8.03 a. m.
Market.....	12.12 p. m.
Accommodation.....	4.17 p. m.
Milk.....	7.13 p. m.
FOR ALLENTOWN AND POINTS NORTH AND WEST.	
Mail.....	6.47 a. m.
Accommodation.....	8.14 a. m.
Market.....	12.33 p. m.
Accommodation.....	3.18 p. m.
Milk.....	6.47 p. m.
SUNDAYS—SOUTH.	
Milk.....	6.56 a. m.
Accommodation.....	4.46 p. m.
NORTH.	
Accommodation.....	9.31 a. m.
Milk.....	5.41 p. m.

All communications, business or otherwise, transmitted to us through the mails, to receive immediate attention, must be directed to Collegeville, P. O.

Home Flashes and Stray Sparks From Abroad.

—In college chapel to-night: Miss Maggie E. Dotts, the elocutionist, and Bertie Shelly, the violinist. Go hear them.

—Fill the chapel and please the Oleivians.

—W. L. Crater, paper hanger, with W. H. Blanchford, this place, advertises his card in another column.

—We regret to hear of the serious illness of Joseph Gottschall, father of Mrs. W. H. Blanchford, this place. Mr. Gottschall now resides near Setzler's store, Chester county.

—Milton Keelor, Trappe, is gradually recovering from a very severe attack of diphtheria.

—A. A. Landes, the popular restaurateur, of Green street, opposite depot, Philadelphia, was in town Monday, and together with his interesting family, enjoyed a sleigh ride.

—Dan is bound to get there. Daniel F. Quillman, who was defeated for Clerk of Courts last fall, has been appointed to a position in the money order department of the Philadelphia post-office.

—The item's record is demolished. One of Rev. O. P. Smith's fowls recently laid an egg that measures 6½ by 8 inches, and the same will furnish a breakfast for the quill driver. We await news from Bro. Bardman.

—Interesting correspondence will be found upon the editorial page, this week.

—James Pyatt and wife drove over from Devon, Chester county, last Saturday, and visited Messrs. E. and J. Paist and families. Mr. Pyatt made a brief call at this office. Always glad to meet good fellows.

—The new proprietor of the Hart-rant House, Norristown, Wm. C. Blackburn, advertises his popular hostelry in another column. When you drive to Norristown stop at the Hart-rant House.

—The third annual ball of Benevolent Council, No. 25, Jr. O. U. A. M., postponed from Wednesday evening last week, was held Tuesday evening in Gross' hall, this place. The weather was rather inclement and the affair was not the success it deserved to be.

—Wesley Shupe's ice house, Evansburg, will be flooded before the next cold wave blows a gale. Then his ice will measure in thickness the depth of the house. Wesley is bound to get ahead, somehow.

—For special bargains in fashionable sleighs, visit Baldwin's carriage works. Order your new carriages now, and thus avoid the rush of the spring trade.

—Mrs. Robert Patterson, of Philadelphia, has just completed a silk quilt containing 2888 patches. That must be a beautiful quilt.

—Samuel Hartman, a former resident of this county, and well known to some of our readers, died at his residence in Philadelphia, last Saturday.

—We direct the special attention of our readers to Mr. M. Merigan's advertisement published in this week's issue. As a dealer in wall paper Mr. Merigan enjoys an excellent reputation, and the large trade he is doing is due to his knowledge of the business and his methods of dealing with the public.

Habitual poor health is a direct result of habitual poor attention to the physical system. Keep the head cool, the feet warm, and the bowels regular by the proper use of Laxador, and sickness cannot approach you. Price 25 cents.

No opium! no laudanum or other dangerous drug is contained in Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup, for the relief of colic, teething, etc. Price 25 cents.

K. G. E. Ball.

The first grand ball of Union Castle, No. 42, K. G. E., will be held in Brendlinger's hall, Limerick Square, Thursday evening, February 9. A very pleasant event is anticipated.

Teller Appointed.

The Directors of the National Bank of Roversford, at their regular meeting last Friday, elected George Kehl, of Limerick Square, Teller of the Bank vice Joseph H. Johnson, resigned. Mr. Kehl is a son of one of the Directors, Augustus Kehl, and will enter upon his duties about April 1.

\$12,506.

At the assignee's sale of the real estate of John S. Shrawder, in Lower Providence, last week, the large farm of 94 acres, near Fairview, was purchased by Dr. J. S. Shrawder for \$12,506. The farm is finely located, there are good buildings thereon, the land is in a fair state of cultivation, and the general opinion is that the Dr. has received a bargain.

A Little Excitement.

More or less excitement was caused at Trappe one day last week, by Carpenter J. G. T. Miller's pacer. In attaching the horse to the sleigh the proper adjustment of one of the breech straps was omitted, and when Mr. Miller proceeded the manner of procedure on the part of the pacer was too excitingly rapid. The strength of a line horse, however, assisted the driver in bringing the horse to a halt before any injury of any consequence was done.

Turkey Dinner.

About sixty old and new customers of Mr. Aliebach, the famous dealer in crows, enjoyed a first-class turkey dinner at Perkiomen Bridge hotel, Monday. Landlord Alderfer and his good wife served an excellent dinner. The bidding at the sale that followed, so John says, was somewhat modified in spirit by an overtaxation of the digestive functions of the bidders, and we are inclined to think John is about right.

Narrow Escape.

Louis S. Whitcomb, of Whitemarsh, was driving with his family, consisting of a wife and two daughters, to the Episcopal church at Whitemarsh Sunday morning, when the sleigh was struck by a north bound train on the North Penn railroad, while crossing at Camp Hill station. The occupants of the sleigh were thrown out but no one hurt. Both horses were struck about the head and one of them seriously injured. The sleigh was completely mashed and the harness torn.

Office Cat Gone.

There is a bit of sadness over in the old depot just now. The office cat was always kindly and heartily fed by Frank and Horace, and the cat frequently showed her appreciation of the good treatment received in various ways. But the office cat is no more. It traveled too close to the noon freight Monday, and there was a collision which resulted in almost sudden death to the cat. Proposals to fill the place thus vacated will be cheerfully received by the gentlemanly officials across the way.

The Ravages of Scarlet Fever.

All Bristol in Bucks county is talking of the calamity that has come upon the entire Vandergrift family. During the past few weeks Mrs. Vandergrift and her four children, the eldest a boy of 12 years, have died, and all, with the exception of the last child expired within twenty-six hours after the first attack of the terrible malady. From the start of the victims appeared to be beyond the reach of medical assistance. The physicians who were in attendance declared that the disease was a malignant type of scarlet fever which they had never before experienced. The husband and father died last spring.

Snow Bound.

Several mornings, the latter part of last week, the railroad accommodations along the line of the Perkiomen road were such as to make some of the patrons—at least a little uneasy—while waiting several hours for trains. The cause of the delay of trains, and the general knocking out of schedule time, were the immense snow drifts that covered the tracks between Greenville and Allentown. Conductor Turner's train was snow-bound for an entire night on the East Penn road near Emans Junction, and for the first time in his life was tempted to wear a long face. By Sunday the regular traffic of the road was resumed.

From Ironbridge.

Last Thursday evening, Ironbridge Castle, No. 104, K. G. E., gave a free entertainment and package party in Eagle hall. The literary exercises consisted of music, vocal and instrumental, an address by G. V. C. Lewis E. Sultz, of Philadelphia, and a play entitled "A Photogenic Fix." Then came the sale of packages and the grand drawing. The evening's entertainment, which attracted a large gathering, ended with a dance. The following numbers drew in combination drawing: 164, barrel of apples, A. Becker, Mainland; 461, hanging lamp, Samuel Louisa, Ironbridge; 971, one ton of coal, Ellen Paxson; 536, half barrel of wheat flour, Cook & Co., Ironbridge.

Salvation Oil, the greatest cure on earth for pain, has no equal. Persons suffering from rheumatism, neuralgia, or from cuts, bruises, sprains, etc., should not be without it. Price only 25 cents.

"What is the whole duty of a married man?" asked the new conjugal catechism. To be agreeable to his wife and keep Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in the house for the children when they get a cold of course. Ask us something hard.

The Eclipse.

Of course all our readers saw the eclipse Saturday evening. It was a beautiful sight and one that is not likely to be witnessed again by the present generation. At the Naval Observatory, Washington, the eclipse was observed under the most favorable circumstances and valuable information was obtained in regard to the dimensions and motions of the planet.

Stereopticon Exhibition.

G. S. Nichols will give a stereopticon exhibition in Gross' hall, this place, next Tuesday evening, February 7. The views are from actual photographs of scenes in camp and field and are acknowledged to be among the best. Mr. Nichols is a war veteran, we believe, and his old comrades and friends, and all who wish to be entertained, should attend the exhibition. Admission, 25 cents. Children 15 cents.

Religious.

According to due notice given, the usual divine services will be omitted at Trinity church, this place, next Sunday. In keeping with the suggestion made by Pastor Hendricks in making the foregoing announcement, "the members of said congregation will gladly avail themselves of the favorable opportunity of heartily fraternizing with the church congregations in the community in the ennobling and sublime privilege of the public worship of the common heavenly Father of the universal household of faith."

Matrimony.

Last Thursday evening, January 26, at Trinity church parsonage, by Rev. J. H. Hendricks, Mr. Wm. D. Valentine and Miss Sallie Fenstermacher were united in wedlock. The bride is the only daughter of Daniel G. Fenstermacher, this place, and enjoys the high esteem of numerous friends in this locality. The groom was formerly with W. H. Blanchford, this place, and is now of the firm of Valentine & Rapp, restaurateurs, Phoenixville. The newly married couple are receiving the heartiest congratulations of their friends.

Suffocated.

Jacob Boaler, the foundry boss at McHose & Sons' furnace, Norristown, was startled Friday morning to find the dead body of a young man lying in the passage-way found to be the body of George Stalkner, a young man about 20 years of age, and who was well-known to the habitués of Music Hall as one of the most active sapes. In common with many others, Stalkner was in the habit of sleeping about the furnaces and rolling mills. Repeatedly he had been warned of the danger of the escaping gases, and been driven away by the furnace men. On Thursday night he crept into the trench unobserved by the workmen, and there met his death. The place is filled with sulphurous gases escaping from the ovens, and even the workmen can remain there but a few moments at a time.

College Notes.

The day of prayer for colleges was appropriately observed at Ursinus last Thursday. The exercises were opened with singing by the students, after which Vice President Super offered a prayer; President Bomberger then in a brief, yet earnest, eloquent and exceedingly interesting manner, spoke of the object and necessity of a day of prayer for colleges. Among the good things he said and proved satisfactorily to all present were, that there can be no "true, pure, out and out patriotism without God," and also that an educational institution without God is a curse. He did not only drive the nails through, but clinched them as he went. After his talk Professor Weinberger made a prayer and the students sang "Take the name of Jesus with you," and were dismissed by the benediction.

Mr. G. Moody Krause, who was an ex-member of '87, spent Monday afternoon and evening with some of his former college mates. He is the same Moody he was when on botanizing expeditions in '85 of which your correspondent has a vivid recollection. We are also informed that Elmer E. Neff, who too, was with us preparing to spread himself in '87, but left college as he reached the goal, is at present sojourning with his uncle in Southern California.

The readings by Miss Maggie Dotts this (Thursday) evening will be of a high order. Miss D., possesses rare abilities as an elocutionist. The music by Master Bertie Shelly will also be of surpassing excellence. We feel perfectly safe in making this statement as we have already had the pleasure of listening to both these performers. All who possibly can should hear them.

Rev. A. D. Gring, who has for some years been a successful laborer in the mission field in Japan, will deliver a free lecture in the college chapel under the auspices of the Zwilling Society, on the evening of Feb. 10. All are cordially invited.

Don't forget the Forestry lecture in the chapel on Friday evening next. Free admission. SMADA.

A Ghastly Accident.

Three men in a wagon with a corpse were about to cross the tracks of the Schuylkill Valley Railroad at Mill street crossing, Norristown shortly before midnight Wednesday last week when it was struck by a passenger train. The wagon was smashed and the corpse badly disfigured, but the men made a miraculous escape from death. The body was that of Albertus Hallman who died in Philadelphia a few days ago at the age of 71 years. It came to Norristown Wednesday night on the Reading Railroad and was received by D. Y. Mowday, Jr., a son of Undertaker D. Y. Mowday. Charles Williamson

was the driver of the wagon and Albert Hallman was seated on a stool by the side of his father's body. As the team reached the Schuylkill Valley Railroad tracks Driver Williamson was almost paralyzed with fright as he saw the flashing headlight of a locomotive not thirty feet away. He shouted and whipped up the horses, but in an instant there was a crash and the wagon and its contents were scattered on both sides of the tracks, while the passenger train dashed on its way. Mowday was so excited that he picked himself up and ran to his father's undertaking establishment and back to the scene of the accident, where he felt exhausted. His leg was badly crushed. Williamson escaped with slight injuries. Hallman made a remarkable escape. The coffin was smashed to splinters and the body of Hallman's father was found twenty-five feet from the tracks.

FROM GRATER'S FORD.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE, ETC.

A Teachers' Local Institute was held at Eagle hall, Ironbridge, on Friday and Saturday last. The attendance was large, there being quite a number of teachers present from other townships on Saturday. The delay of trains on Friday prevented Superintendent Hoffecker from being present at the morning session. The exercises were very ably conducted by Warren H. Detwiler, Principal of Ironbridge Grammar School. The class drills were very good and a great deal of interest was taken in recitations by parents and friends. Professors Kemp and Smith were the instructors present and gave good, sound talk. Local Institutes are just the thing to awaken an interest in a community and to get all more interested in the cause of education.

A change will be made here this spring in the management of the feed business and coal yard. Mr. Samuel Cassel, the present dealer, intends removing with his family to Philadelphia the coming spring. The business will then be conducted by Jacob Fuss and Elias Grater, under the firm name of Fuss & Grater.

Kulp, the Wanamaker of this place, is laying in a heavy stock of goods so as to be able to supply those who are about to begin housekeeping. Kulp being so long in active business, knows just what is wanted.

Davy one day last week took it into his head to become a public benefactor. Not knowing for the time being on whom to bestow his gifts, he took his pocket book, (of course moneyless) and lay it on the road, so that whoever wanted it could have it. It was there for nearly a day, when Davy came to the conclusion that no one wanted his pocket book, so he pocketed it. Now, Davy, such tricks won't do. xx.

Chat at the Capitol.

Presuming that the INDEPENDENT'S hat box perfecting presses necessitated by its enormously increased circulation (owing to these letters) are in running order, and that the steam engine, windmill, water wheel and donkey-power have been properly oiled, it is now in order to dispose of a few of the accumulated chunks of chat lying loose in the corridors, halls of state and lobby rooms of the capitol.

Every visitor to this classic marble palace during the past three weeks has been struck by the unprecedented industry displayed by officials, deputies, clerks and subs of all kinds, and the air of deep abstraction noticeable upon the faces of all from the Judges to the Janitor, through all the varying grades of high functionaries including the Law Librarian, and the women who does the spasmodic scribbling. No. A rush of business has not been the cause. They have been engaged upon the most stupendous problem of the age, a work of which the intricacy is astounding and in comparison with which the squaring of the circle becomes the veriest child's play.

They have been trying to fix the political status of the tipstaffs. There, the secret is out now and if only the gods are propitious and the committee to whom the matter has been referred does not die a solution is expected in the early autumn. This committee consists of Alex. C. Calhoun, F. T. Becker, Alan W. Corson and Robert Fredell, each an authority in political mathematics and each one more expert than the other. Every process known to modern mathematicians, including proportion, cube root, double quadrates, differentiation, conic sections and supposition, has been tried and tried again. But alas! beyond a certain stage no two "clerks agree in their tally."

All agree that there are three Republicans and some remainders over and that there are three Democrats and some fractional parts, but to reduce these remnants to some condition, or their lowest terms, where they will assimilate and then stand transposition into whole numbers, ah! "there's the rub." At one time it was thought the answer had been found and shouts of "Eureka!" made the capitol roof to its very foundations, but the majestic dome had scarcely recovered its equilibrium before a difference arose which changed the yell of triumph into howls of silent despair. The remainders and the fractions had been adjusted to a nicety and evenly divided between the contending factions when it was found that one of the "force" was partially alive and partially dead and while the Republicans claimed and were accorded the live part the Democrats peremptorily refused to be accredited with the other portion of him and there the matter rests.

Mr. Wharton Barker evidently "didn't know it was loaded" when he launched his letter announcing himself as a candidate for Delegate to the National Convention. From the loud report and the terrible kick he must have since concluded, though, that the old thing was full clear up to the muzzle with bits of reason, logic, slugs, Barker force bottles and cobble stones. The broken beer bottles routed horse and foot, "come on, my boy" and "thigh" by Generalissimo Robert Fredell, had hardly reached their fortifications when the Daily Times' publication of its first hundred answers fell upon them. About the same effect that a hand grenade of the largest size would have upon a handful of burning shavings the Times' returns must have had upon the immaculate Barker's aspirations. Undoubtedly such would be the effect upon anyone else but that irrepressible gentleman may think the returns were "doctored." If he will scan them carefully, however, he will find that from the rocky fastnesses of Pottsgrove and the snow covered steps beyond the Rhine, that is the Perkiomen, down through the undulating hills of Cheltenham, and thence across the tribes which infest the wilds of Lower Merion, and even here in

Rome, the cry is Blaine. That is sixty-five per cent. of it and the back districts are not yet in. Hun, Vandall, Galt, Visigoth and Roman join in a yell in opposition to which the shouts of the Barkerites sound like the piping of an undersized newb.

Your temporary ex-fellow townsman, statesman, lawyer, editor and Sunday School Superintendent F. G. Holson, to quote him correctly, says "I am sorry to say it is Blaine." Surely the bright people of Upper Providence will not persist in their political ignorance and grope their way in darkness even to the doors of the County Convention when they ascertain that their views do not agree with this distinguished gentleman's. Perhaps, too, he would be willing to spend some time in an effort to enlighten them as to why Blaine is not good enough for him.

Those wily diplomats and astute politicians John W. Eckman (pig iron), H. W. Kratz (examutarius), Walter S. Jennings (diluted blackstone), Irving P. Wanger (Pacha of two tails), and Percival Roberts, Jr., (rolled iron), appointed by his Serene Highness Chairman Bucks Lees to meet the enemy our friends of Joseph, will no doubt be able to repeat Caesar's little epistle after the first encounter. Large bodies move with proverbial slowness and great minds do not seem to break the record for velocity. This perhaps accounts for the delay in the appointment of the Envoys Extraordinary on the part of Bucks, by His Eminence Chairman Stout.

That portion of the delegates to which each county shall be entitled and the alternation of the terms of the member will be disposed of expeditiously and will scarcely give occasion for a single speech. The more serious and important part of the programme to agree upon the menu for the five or six banquets which must necessarily ensue before the joint committee finally adjourns will it is expected be the product of several oratorical passages at arms.—Jennings, who is opposed to banquets of all kinds, will insist upon a bill of fare limited to ice water and nudel soup; Wanger, constitutionally compelled to abstemiousness will argue for Boston brown bread and black tea; Kratz, who has never been charged with lingering at table, will of course ask for his usual fare, goat's milk and crackers; while it is very likely that Roberts and Eckman will not yield until the still nine courses including Cognac are granted. When it is remembered that there may be five appetites just as daintily belonging to the other Embassy it will be readily seen that a position on the committee promises to be no sinecure.

SOME PEOPLE SAY: That the earth will slip on its axis when Franklin T. Beerer leaves the Capitol.

That Prothonotary Scheetz is as hilarious as a tombstone.

That David H. Ross would like to go to the Assembly.

That the old men are having their innings and that they look as lugubriously happy as a convention of high priced undertakers.

That signs of life have actually been noticed in the Clerk of Courts office.

That Deputy Prothonotary Samuel E. Nyce will have his hair cut when the weather moderates.

That "Doc," B. F. Foley will be the nominee for Burgess.

That "Squire Fetterolf" has his weather eye on the Register of Wills nomination in '90.

That ex-Prothonotary Woodward will be a member of the next House of Representatives.

That George N. Corson has a holy horror of hair dyes.

That Major General Charles Hunsicker and Colonel W. P. Dannehower have not smoked a pipe since the State Committee met.

That the faithful of Montgomery will have ten representatives in the Democratic State Convention.

That Wharton Barker and John W. Eckman should have a little Convention of their own on Barbadoes Island, and that Joseph Lees should patrol both shores of the river at once, while it is in session.

That Ogden Rogers is the handsomest member of the Bar.

That Dr. Acker will not attend the Bar supper.

That Sheriff Kline and his new deputy are often mistaken for each other.

That Louis M. Childs is still out or politics.

That Jacob A. Strassburger thinks the delegate's name will be Joseph Bosler.

That Director of the Poor William G. Wright is guileless as an infant.

That it will be a severe winter. JIM.

W. L. CRATER,

WITH W. H. BLANCHORD,

PAPER HANGER,

COLLEGEVILLE, PA. Estimates furnished and paper supplied. Feb.

COLLEGEVILLE

Roller Mills!

JAMES L. PAIST, Proprietor.

(SUCCESSOR TO E. PAIST.)

HIGH GRADE

ROLLER FLOUR!

FULL STOCK OF ALL KINDS OF

MILL FEED ALWAYS ON HAND.

FORTY POUNDS OF FLOUR

Exchanged for a Bushel of

Good Wheat.

Highest Cash Prices paid for the various grains.

Wheat Wanted at all Times

Cash will be invariably expected when flour, feed, &c., is delivered.

Factor us with your orders.

JAMES L. PAIST, Collegeville, Pa.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, trading as H. T. Hunsicker & Bro., of Ironbridge, will dissolve partnership, by mutual consent, Monday, January 2, 1888. The business will be continued by H. T. Hunsicker. All persons indebted to the firm will please settle their accounts, and those having claims against said firm are requested to present the same without delay. H. T. HUNSICKER, C. T. HUNSICKER.

Ironbridge, Dec. 22, '87.

AT 9½ O'CLOCK, A. M.

PUBLIC SALE OF

FRESH COWS!

Will be sold at public sale, on MONDAY, FEB. 6, '88, at Perkiomen Bridge hotel, 50 head of fresh cows with calves direct from York county. Good judgment was exercised in the selection of this stock, and it will be to the interest of purchasers to attend sale. Sale at 9½ o'clock, a. m., sharp. Conditions by H. H. ALLEBAUGH. J. G. Fetterolf, auct. L. H. Johnson, clerk.

PUBLIC SALE OF

FRESH COWS.

Will be sold at public sale, on WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8, '88, at Dorworts' hotel, Trappe, 20 head of fresh cows with calves direct from Pennsylvania. This is a superior lot of cows; the subscriber carefully selected them and he feels certain they will give purchasers satisfaction. Sale at 1 o'clock. Conditions by DANIEL POTTEIGER & SON. J. G. Fetterolf, auct. P. S.—I expect to ship cows to this market regularly in the future.

PUBLIC SALE OF

FRESH COWS!

AND SHOATS. Will be sold at public sale, on WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, '88, at Smoyer's hotel, Trappe, 20 heavy fresh cows, direct from Cumberland county. They are a lot of first class cows. This is the best lot of cows I ever shipped to Trappe. Also a lot of shoats. Farmers and dairymen should attend this sale. Sale at 1 o'clock. Conditions by JAMES WYNKOOP. Also a lot of hogs at private sale. L. H. Ingram, auct. C. U. Bean, clerk.

PRIVATE SALE OF

HORSES!

I have just arrived at my stables, near Limerick, with a car load of fine Western horses, suitable for driving, draught and general use. Among the lot is a number of promising steppers. Come and see them. I. T. MILLER.

PUBLIC SALE OF

PERSONAL PROPERTY!

Will be sold at public sale, on THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, '88, at the residence of the subscriber, in Skippack township, near Dunkard Meeting House, and two miles east of Collegeville, the following personal property: 1. A black horse, 4 years old, as good as anybody's horse. 2. A black horse, 6 years old, 10 years old, a good work horse and safe for a lady to drive. 3. A black horse, 10 years old, a good work horse and safe for a lady to drive. 4. A black horse, 10 years old, a good work horse and safe for a lady to drive. 5. A black horse, 10 years old, a good work horse and safe for a lady to drive. 6. A black horse, 10 years old, a good work horse and safe for a lady to drive. 7. A black horse, 10 years old, a good work horse and safe for a lady to drive. 8. A black horse, 10 years old, a good work horse and safe for a lady to drive. 9. A black horse, 10 years old, a good work horse and safe for a lady to drive. 10. A black horse, 10 years old, a good work horse and safe for a lady to drive. 11. A black horse, 10 years old, a good work horse and safe for a lady to drive. 12. A black horse, 10 years old, a good work horse and safe for a lady to drive. 13. A black horse, 10 years old, a good work horse and safe for a lady to drive. 14. A black horse, 10 years old, a good work horse and safe for a lady to drive. 15. A black horse, 10 years old, a good work horse and safe for a lady to drive. 16. A black horse, 10 years old, a good work horse and safe for a lady to drive. 17. A black horse, 10 years old, a good work horse and safe for a lady to drive. 18. A black horse, 10 years old, a good work horse and safe for a lady to drive. 19. A black horse, 10 years old, a good work horse and safe for a lady to drive. 20. A black horse, 10 years old, a good work horse and safe for a lady to drive. 21. A black horse, 10 years old, a good work horse and safe for a lady to drive. 22. A black horse, 10 years old, a good work horse and safe for a lady to drive. 23. A black horse, 10 years old, a good work horse and safe for a lady to drive. 24. A black horse, 10 years old, a good work horse and safe for a lady to drive. 25. A black horse, 10 years old, a good work horse and safe for a lady to drive. 26. A black horse, 10 years old, a good work horse and safe for a lady to drive. 27. A black horse, 10 years old, a good work horse and safe for a lady to drive. 28. A black horse, 10 years old, a good work horse and safe for a lady to drive. 29. A black horse, 10 years old, a good work horse and safe for a lady to drive. 30. A black horse, 10 years old, a good work horse and safe for a lady to drive. 31. A black horse, 10 years old, a good work horse and safe for a lady to drive. 32

J. W. ROYER, M. D.,
Practising Physician,
TRAPPE, PA.
Office at his residence, nearly opposite Masonic Hall.

M. Y. WEBER, M. D.,
Practising Physician,
EVANSBURG, PA.
Office Hours:—until 9 a. m.; 7 to 9 p. m.

E. A. KRUSEN, M. D.,
Homeopathic Physician,
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.
Office Hours:—Until 9 a. m.; 1 to 3 p. m.; 6 to 8 p. m.

D. R. B. PLACE,
DENTIST ! !
36 E. Airy Street, NORRISTOWN, Pa. Branch Office: COLLEGEVILLE, Monday and Tuesday. Gas administered.

CHEAPEST DENTIST IN NORRISTOWN, PA.
N. S. Borneman, D. D. S.,
403 W. MARSHALL ST., COR. ASTOR,
NORRISTOWN, PA. (Formerly of Boyertown.)
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas, Ether, &c. Also the new process for freezing the gums a miracle. English and German spoken. (p1ap188)

H. M. BROWNBACK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 8 AIRY STREET, NORRISTOWN, PA.
Jun. 25-1yr.

AUGUSTUS W. BOMBERGER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
BLACKSTONE BUILDING, No. 727 WALNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.
Second Floor, Room 15.
Can be seen every evening at his residence, COLLEGEVILLE, Pa. Dec. 17, 1yr.

A. D. FETTEROLF,
Justice of the Peace
COLLEGEVILLE Pa.
CONVEYANCER and General Business agent. Will clerk sales at reasonable rates.

JOHN S. HUNSICKER,
Justice of the Peace,
RAHN STATION, PA.
CONVEYANCER and General Business Agent. Clerking of Sales attended to. Charges reasonable. 27jan.

JOHN H. CASSELBERRY,
(½ mile north of Trappe.)
Surveyor and Conveyancer
Sales clerked; sale bills prepared. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention. Nov. 8-6m. P. O. Address: Limerick Square.

J. P. KOONS,
Practical Slater ! !
RAHN'S STATION Pa.
Dealer in every quality of Roofing, Flagging, and Ornamental Slates. Send for estimates, and prices.

LEWIS WISMER,
Practical Slater !
Collegeville, Pa. Always on hand roofing slate and slate flagging, and roofing felt. All orders promptly attended to. Also on hand a large lot of greystone flagging.

J. G. T. MILLER,
CARPENTER and BUILDER,
TRAPPE PA.
Estimates for work furnished upon application, and contracts taken. All orders will be attended to promptly. Jan. 1, '85, 4f.

EDWARD DAVID,
PAINTER and PAPER-HANGER,
COLLEGEVILLE PA.
Orders promptly attended to. Can do any kind of work in the line of painting, graining, and paper-hanging, satisfactorily. Estimates cheerfully furnished upon application.

ISAAC LATSHAW,
Painter and Paper Hanger,
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.
Contracts made and estimates furnished, and all work done guaranteed to give satisfaction. 28jyf

JOSEPH STONE,
CARPET WEAVER
COLLEGEVILLE HOTEL,
(Formerly Beard House.)
Rag Carpet woven to order in any style desired. Satisfaction guaranteed. Good Rag Carpet for sale at reasonable prices.

MRS. E. D. LACHMAN,
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.
Attends to laying out the dead and shroud making. Wax flowers made to order. 16sep

MRS. S. L. PUGH,
TRAPPE, PA.,
Attends to laying out the dead, shroud-making &c.

WANTED!
Local and Traveling Salesmen !
To sell our Choice Varieties of Nursery Stock, either on salary or commission; permanent employment to the right men; no room for lay ones; upright and honest are the ones we are looking for. Address with references, MAY BROTHERS, NURSERYMEN, 156dec
Rochester, N. Y.

SUNDAY PAPERS.
The different Philadelphia Sunday papers will be delivered to those wishing to purchase along the line of Collegeville, Freeland and Trappe, every Sunday morning.
HENRY YOST,
News Agent,
Collegeville.

L. SPEAR,
Veterinary Surgeon !
GRATER'S FORD, PA.
The strictest attention given to all cases entrusted to my care. 14ap

EDWARD E. LONG,
Attorney-at-Law,
No. 8 AIRY STREET, NORRISTOWN, PA.

DAVID SPRINGER,
MAIN ST., ROYERSFORD, PA.
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Insurance and Real Estate Agent
AND LOAN BROKER:
Insurance placed for one, three or five years in the largest and most reliable Stock Companies, at best rates. No assessments. Life and Accident Insurance policies a specialty. 28ap1

J. W. GOTWALS,
YERKES, P. A.
—BUTCHER AND DEALER IN—
Beef, Veal and Mutton !
Will serve the citizens of Collegeville and vicinity every Tuesday and Friday. ap16-4f

HAVING SECURED A FAIR CROP OF
HONEY !
I am prepared to fill orders, both WHOLESALE and RETAIL, in bottles, jelly tumblers, fruit jars, etc.; also IN THE COMB. Bring on your pails and jars and have them filled at 12½c. per pound.
W. E. PETERMAN,
TRAPPE, PA.
Residence and Apiary half mile north of P. O.

NEW SHOE STORE
—IN—
COLLEGEVILLE !
The undersigned desires to say to the public that he has laid in a full stock of
Boots & Shoes
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Department of Agriculture.

FARMERS' WIVES.
Perhaps the farmer's wife is not an object of pity; perhaps no more is required of her than any other woman might do, but it cannot be denied that she is expected to do a very great deal. The farmer of to-day is intelligent. He likes to attend big Grange meetings and Farmers' Institutes; he likes to take his wife along with him; he likes to see her dress stylish and her hair as neatly arranged as the dress and hair of any other man's wife. Should they be obliged to take the baby along, she is expected to take care of it; he wants to listen to the speeches, and he could not keep it still anyway, so there's no use in trying. Should there be a dinner connected with the meeting, his wife must furnish her share of light biscuit, frosted cake, etc.; she must also help to set the table and pour the coffee. Should she be called upon for a speech her husband is gratified to hear her read a well written essay, and does not like it if she cannot at least make a graceful excuse. If she has the least musical talent, she is wanted to play the organ or help sing. It is not necessary to add that this same farmer likes to see his house neatly kept, his food well served, his children clean and in a state of good repair; all that goes without saying. Should guests visit their home, he expects his wife to regale them with a savory repast, and also to entertain them with well chosen conversation. Should his fingers be stiff with hard work, he requests his wife to write his letters for him; and should she be skilled in arithmetic there is no reason why she should not keep his accounts.
By-the-way, why is it that our girls are so much better educated than our boys? It is because the father keeps his son out of school whenever he needs his help, while the mother allows her daughter to go, even though doing her daily work without her involves working half the night, too? However that may be, it is certain that mothers are seldom willing to keep their children away from even the district school, no matter how often their wardrobe must be replenished or repaired to keep it in trim, or how hard it is to do baking enough so that the dinner pails may always be filled. Of course, children sometimes needlessly increase the mother's tasks. Boys will climb the trees and wade the brooks. Boys and girls, too, will play "pull away," and other rough games, to the detriment of their clothing. I, let me whisper it, used to play pull away and cared nothing for the missing buttons and torn button-holes over which my good mother grieved at night. I have since heard her say that sometimes she was obliged to sit up till midnight in order to repair the damage that one day's playing had made in the clothes of her large and lively family, so that the same garments could be worn again the next day. When I heard the remark I could only quiet my conscience by reflecting, "I was a child then."
We are sometimes expecting too much when we expect grown people to be patient and reasonable; we must bear with the thoughtlessness and selfishness of childhood. Charlie does not know why his mother draws that deep sigh when he calls her from her ironing to help him with that troublesome example in fractions; nor Jennie guess why her mamma looks so discouraged when the little girl demands a dress just like her playmate's, "with four ruffles on the skirt."
It is probable that the wife and mother does some unnecessary work for herself, as well as for her husband and children; but who would deprive her of her window full of plants, of that singing bird in the cage, or of that little roll of calico, merino, or silken scraps which she will transform into a thing of beauty by and by? Yet, all this takes time, and we cannot wonder that the leisure hours, or even moments, of the farmer's wife are like "angel's visits—few and far between."—Grange Bulletin.

SAVING POTATOES FOR SEED.
Probabilities are that seed potatoes will be scarce in numbers and high in price next spring. Hence great care ought to be observed in the handling and storing of tubers designed for seed. Potato growers generally agree that sprouted seed potatoes are inferior to those so kept that no large sprouts appear before planting, the planting having weakened their vitality.
When the potatoes are dug they are not allowed to lie in the sun more than two hours, after which they are put in a pit covered with straw or cornstalks for a few days, and then they are covered with boards and earth, the ends of the pit being left open. Later on the ends are closed and a very small amount of ventilation is afforded by means of a wisp or straw which extends up through the centre of the covering to the open air. Care should be taken to leave a space of at least eight inches (better twelve) between the top

of the potatoes and the covering of the pit, which should be five by eight or ten feet—not larger. The first covering of six inches of soil is not put on until danger of frost makes it necessary, and the remaining coverings are added as the weather demands.

In the same journal a Massachusetts farmer, to avoid sprouting, places the tubers in a dry, cool cellar of an even temperature. A New York farmer puts his potatoes in bins of four to six hundred bushels each in a cellar on the ground, first sprinkling plenty of lime on the ground. In this way potatoes can be kept for eating purposes up to July. To keep them from sprouting he cuts them up for planting just at the time they show signs of budding. This will keep them from sprouting for three to four weeks if they are stirred over often; for they will sprout sooner when not stirred, so that a person can gauge the time for planting.

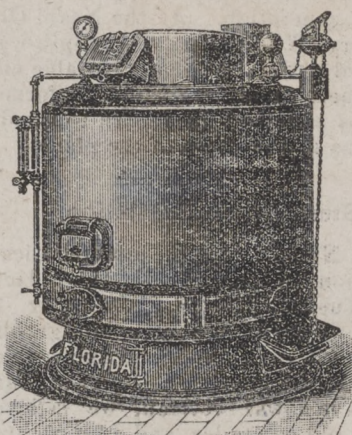
A Pennsylvania correspondent advises that seed potatoes be kept at a few degrees higher temperature than is best for winter apples. A low temperature prevents their sprouting. The above, with other communications on the same subject, warrants the conclusion that sprouting seed potatoes weakens the vitality; that there is little or no sprouting in the far north; that potatoes for seed may be preserved, with suitable precautions regarding temperature, in pits, in cellars, in barrels and bins, or spread out on the floor provided a dry, uniform temperature, somewhat above freezing point, is observed. An increase of protection ought to be given with an increase of cold.

TREE TRANSPLANTING.
Deciduous trees should be moved before the sap starts, say in December or January; evergreens not later than the first of March. The practical sizes of trees for transplanting are from one to two inches in diameter of the trunk. I have seen trees moved in Washington and Paris of two feet in trunk diameter by means of a strong apparatus, something like what is known in the army as a "sling"—used for transporting heavy ordnance—by which a large tree is lifted from its native bed and moved in a perpendicular position to its new home without stopping its growth; and so the great Bois de Boulogne, of Paris, which was destroyed by the German armies in 1870, is now in its shady luxuriance as it was before the Franco-German war.

These methods are too expensive for us, and fortunately they are unnecessary; kindly nature, supplementing any careful labor, will produce beneficial results in a few years.
The first thing to be done is to dig the holes at least three feet in diameter and in depth. Second, get the best trees from the neighboring forest or swamps, and remove them as gently as possible, transplant them carefully to their new home, set them up as they were, fill in the holes with surface soil and mulch, water them once or twice to settle the soil about their roots, and mulch the ground around them with straw or dead leaves. They should be staked so they will not "wobble" until they are well rooted, and well rotted stable manure after the trees are in foliage, and, where there is no stock law, put tree guards around them.
A common mistake is to plant trees too closely together. Who has not seen a line of trees so crowded together that no one has room for development, and who cannot recall some lordly oak or elm that, free from impertinent crowding, crowns a commanding eminence with its gracious presence? I should say, therefore, that oaks and elms should be planted at least forty feet from each other. Sweet gums, maples, sycamores, poplars, etc., about thirty-five feet apart, and smaller trees at less distance. One good watering is about all that is required, except in case of drought, when occasional watering in the evening, with water that has stood half a day in the sun, is desirable. Of course, as the trees get to growing freely, the more the soil is enriched the better; it will add greatly to their health and vigor.—From an address by Hon. Sidney Robb, Atlanta.

FIVE YEARS' EXPERIMENTS WITH MANURES.
The results of five years' experiments with commercial and barnyard manures on the Agricultural college farm at Columbus, Mo., as set forth in a recent report on the same by Professor J. W. Sanborn, are briefly as follows:
In good years, with a plentiful supply of moisture, chemical manures gave a larger wheat yield than yard manure; while in dry years the result was the reverse. The gain of the land treated with chemicals over that on which no fertilizer of any kind was used was mostly, or possibly wholly, due to the nitrogen in the chemicals. Chemicals may be usually used and it is such misuse or unintelligent use that gives rise to the cry that they are valueless. Professor Sanborn advises farmers to attempt to use chemicals (not including lime plaster or salt) only after intelligent buying, a careful study of the soil by comparative tests, and then on horticultural crops mainly, including potatoes. This advice will not apply, however, when wheat approximates \$1 per bushel or when soils are largely deficient in potash or phosphoric acid.

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